

FRENCH KEEP AMERICAN'S GRAVES GREEN AS TRIBUTE TO ARMY'S VALOR

Palm Sunday Brings Out Throngs to Cemeteries and "Buis" Is
Freely Scattered Over Resting Places of General Pershing's
Heroes—Crowds Bare Heads in Silent Honor
to Comrades in Arms.

Everywhere the Americans have remarked the tenderness of spirit of the French—the thoughtfulness they show to those Americans who are at rest in the French cemeteries. The graves of the Americans wherever I have been are cared for as carefully and tenderly as are those of the Poilus who have given their lives for France, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald.

Private Albert — of the American army has had opportunities to see the people of this wonderful country in their homes. He is a native of New England, but of French ancestry, and through his ability to speak French gets perhaps in more intimate touch with the French than does the average American.

A university student when the war came to his own country, he enlisted and has been here ever since. In the few spare moments he has had he wrote a little article about the French and their thoughtfulness of the American soldiers. It is as follows:

All the morning I had seen people going past the office on their way to church carrying small branches of "buis," a plant which looks very much like our box elder. This was Palm Sunday, and the French—old men and women, boys and girls—were bringing their buis to church to be blessed.

Visit to Cemetery.

In the afternoon I did not work, so I met Mr. Duphand, a well-to-do lawyer of the town, and accepted his invitation to accompany him in a walk to his garden.

It was a treat to walk with such pleasant company on such a bright summer day after a solid week in the office from eight in the morning to nine or ten and sometimes even until eleven o'clock at night.

So at two in the afternoon a little party was formed in front of Monsieur Duphand's house and we started. In the party were Monsieur and Madame Duphand, with their two daughters, Mesdemoiselles Therese and Madeleine, Madame Reveillon and Madame Tolle. All the ladies carried a bunch of buis. And as we started out Madame Duphand said we would first go to the cemetery, where we would visit the plots and place a branch of the blessed buis on the graves of their relatives. It is the custom of my country, Monsieur told me, to decorate the graves with buis every Palm Sunday.

All Graves Decorated.

As we passed through the ancient gate we entered a narrow aisle lined with tall pines whose boughs interlocked over our heads. Half way the aisle widened and in its center rose a tall stone crucifix, so tall the figure of Christ was lost among the green branches. There was no grass except that which lined the aisle beneath the trees. The little plots were covered with tiny pebbles, level and neatly kept.

As we came to the grave of one well-known of the party, it was remembered and a little twig placed upon it. We went from one plot to another, stopping only at those of the immediate relatives of the party or very close friends, until we had made the round of the cemetery.

From here we went to the Soldiers' cemetery. Here we entered under an arch, bearing in big silver letters "Mort pour la Patrie." I paused in the gate to cast a glance over the field. There were hundreds of French graves marked by the French cocarde—three rings, red, white and blue, in a circle of about six inches.

Arabians Buried There.

At the right were several Arabian graves facing to Mecca, and in the far left hand corner some newer graves whose markings I could not distinguish from the distance. We had not gone in very far when Mesdemoiselle Therese took a little branch of buis and placed it upon a French grave. It was that of a private in the French army, who had been killed at the beginning of the war.

"I knew him well before the war," said Mlle. Therese as she placed the little holy leaf in the ground over the body.

"What are you going to do with the rest of the buis?" I asked mesdemoiselle. "Those are for your comrades," she informed me.

"My comrades?" I asked in surprise. "Voilà," she said as we neared the graves that I had heretofore been unable to make out. Over the first one as a beautiful piece of floral work "A nos camarades Américains." (To our comrades the Americans.)

Twenty-Four American Dead.

Here in this little corner of the field were 24 American graves. No, killed in action, nor not buried in the croix de guerre, but nevertheless "Mort pour la Patrie." I inspected the names and the organization and found they were nearly all from division. Mesdemoiselle knew this, and she gave me a little piece of a and said:

"C'est pour votre camarade, s'il est." (This is for your comrade if he here).

Thanked her as best I could in a voice, because somehow I could trust myself to speak loud or long, I did not know any of the boys sleep-

ing there, but on the crosses above them there was the name and organization of each of them and that was enough.

Somewhat I seemed to have been acquainted with them for a long time and I could almost picture how they had looked when they landed over here. So I read the names of them all and placed my little piece of buis upon the grave of one Arthur R. Peterson of the — Ambulance company.

Tribute to Americans.

Mlle. Therese decorated each of the others in the same silent way that I had done. For a few moments no one seemed to have anything to say, and a deep silence prevailed until mesdemoiselle had decorated the last, saying as she did so:

"Les pauvres garçons, ils sont venus si loins pour mourir." (The poor boys; they have come so far to die).

"Mais ils ont fini de souffrir, seules, c'est à leur pauvres mères que je pense, moi," said Mme. Reveillon. (Their suffering is over; it is of their poor mothers that I am thinking).

When I could trust myself to speak I tried to smile my appreciation of their generosity, and said:

"But there are hundreds of your Poilus here."

"Ah, oui," said monsieur, "but we are very fortunate in having them here near us, while these parents back in America have not had the opportunity to even bid them goodbye."

Their sorrow, their respect and their sympathy were profound and sincere. It is beyond my capacity to describe it further. Here were mothers mourning the loss of other mothers whom they had never seen, did not know, nor would they ever know. It was not so much for the sons that lay buried there but those that were left behind to mourn. All these women had mourned the loss of some kin since 1914 and their sympathy was genuine.

All Pause in Silence.

There were other persons in the cemetery who had come to honor their dead in the same way and as I looked they all stooped and read "A nos camarades les Américains," paused and in silence gazed at the crosses and passed on.

This was Palm Sunday, but I had forgotten that and I found myself believing it Memorial day back home. We left the field and continued on to the garden on the outskirts of the town. Here some two hours later as we sat in front of the maisonnette at one end of the garden, mesdemoiselle, struggling through a sentence in English, was suddenly interrupted by a volley of rifle fire.

"Ecoutez!" (listen) she said. "Qu'est que c'est?" (what is that?) Another volley and then another. No one stirred. A bugle note struck the air. "Le clairon," said mesdemoiselle, and again complete silence.

From far away it came, but in the intense silence it was easily distinguishable, and when the last note had died away mesdemoiselle turned to me and said: "Qu'est que c'est?"

After a second I found my voice and was just about to explain when—

"Ecoutez!"

Another volley, followed by two more. Again the clairon. And again mesdemoiselle said: "Qu'est que c'est?"

Final Sad Rites.

Well I knew what it was, and before I could tell her in my mind I could plainly see the open grave exposing for the moment its contents; the firing squad with rifles pointed over the opening; the corporal giving the words of command. The final note of "taps" added the last touch of sadness to the picture and I told mesdemoiselle as best I could the meaning of it all. She has been working in a hospital since the beginning of the war, so she understood very readily.

Monsieur was at the other end of the garden and had only stopped his work just long enough to look up at the firing, and, not understanding, went back to his work. Now he came up, declaring he was tired and did not feel like doing any more work that afternoon. Mme. Tolle insisted we visit her garden before we go home, so we put up the chairs and left.

DRAFTED MAN LEFT PLOW

Abandons Work in the Field and Reports for Enlistment.

Sioux City has her Israel Putnam in the person of W. Warren Mulhall, son of John Mulhall of 2115 Douglas street and a member of Sioux City's younger set.

Mulhall was in the list certified by the West side board for enlistment April 23 in the first call of the second draft.

Word of his induction into the army reached him when he was plowing on his farm in Minnesota. Stopping in the middle of a furrow, as did his Revolutionary counterpart, he hastened back to Sioux City to prepare for departure.

Despite having been engaged in farming for a number of years, Mulhall was not granted a deferred classification because members of his local board felt circumstances did not warrant such action.

OPENING YOUR STORE

Saturday, June 8, 1918, 9 A. M.

On that day there will be ushered into Hopkinsville one of the handsomest stores in the entire country. Progressive establishments desire likewise communities, and this city deserves all it secures. The Koppel Cloak Co. is YOUR STORE, carrying full lines of seasonable Ladies' and Misses' Ready-to-Wear. YOUR STORE policy is for the benefit of its patrons and will mean much for you.

- 1 A garment is never carried over.
- 2 All merchandise to be sold with a positive assurance of satisfaction or money refunded.
- 3 Should alteration be necessary we are fully responsible as to their fit at no extra charges.
- 4 Nothing ever to be misrepresented and everything shown in its true light.
- 5 Our large association means quality wear at prices that will surely appeal to you, and it will in the future be unnecessary to wait until after season for extreme values.

YOUR STORE kindly requests your presence at the opening to become acquainted with many features of the store. Many values for you, should you care to wait until Saturday. FLOWERS FOR THE LADIES.

KOPPEL CLOAK CO.

LADIES & MISSES READY TO WEAR

207 S. MAIN ST. HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

REGISTRATION

All men who have become 21 years of age since June 5th, 1917, must appear in person, or by proxy if ill, at Pembroke, LaFayette, Crofton or Hopkinsville and register, June 5th, between the hours of 7 a. m. and 9 p. m. The registration in Crofton, Pembroke and LaFayette will be conducted at the banks, and at Hopkinsville in the Circuit Court Clerk's office. Registration officers are as follows:

Crofton—Will Keith.
Pembroke—Douglas Graham.
LaFayette—Marvin Lowry.
Hopkinsville—Prentice Mercer, Joe Dick Higgins.

Any person residing in the county may register at any of the above mentioned places.

CASUALTIES FRIDAY.

The army casualty list Friday contained sixty names, divided as follows: Killed in action, fifteen; died of wounds, six; died of accident, eleven; died of disease, four; wounded severely, sixteen; wounded slightly, eight; missing in action, one.

Charles Poulter, of Louisville, Ky., died of wounds; Horton Creech of Harlan, Ky., was severely wounded.

ONLY ONE LEFT.

Breathitt county people claim the palm for patriotism. They assert there is only one man of draft age left in the county and he has arrived at military age since last June 5. All other young men before reaching the draft age volunteered. It is recalled that when the first draft was made Breathitt's credit far exceeded its quota.

VOCALIST ARRIVES.

Miss Gail Wilhite, a splendid vocalist and Sunday School worker, arrived last night to take charge of the Sunday School and church music of Ninth Street Christian church. Miss Wilhite is also a Crayon Artist and will entertain various classes of the Sunday School in this manner.

MUCH PROGRESS SHOWN UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Hopkinsville Auto Company Makes Phenomenal Record Following Out Policy of Serving The People.

MANY NEW FEATURES ARE ADDED

Eleven months ago the Hopkinsville Auto Company was purchased by Thos. B. Wilson. At that time this garage did NO REPAIR WORK and had no mechanic in its employ.

Since that time Mr. W. N. Galloway, an expert automobile mechanic, and four expert assistants have been engaged and are kept busy keeping pace with the large and growing repair and supply business this company has built up for itself.

This company is distributors for Prest-O-Lite for Western Kentucky and maintains an up-to-date service station at all hours for the repair of Prest-O-Lite batteries.

Another important addition to the company's already prosperous and growing business is the agency for the CADILLAC CAR recently secured. These features, together with our large capacity for car storage, renders this the most up-to-date garage in the city.

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